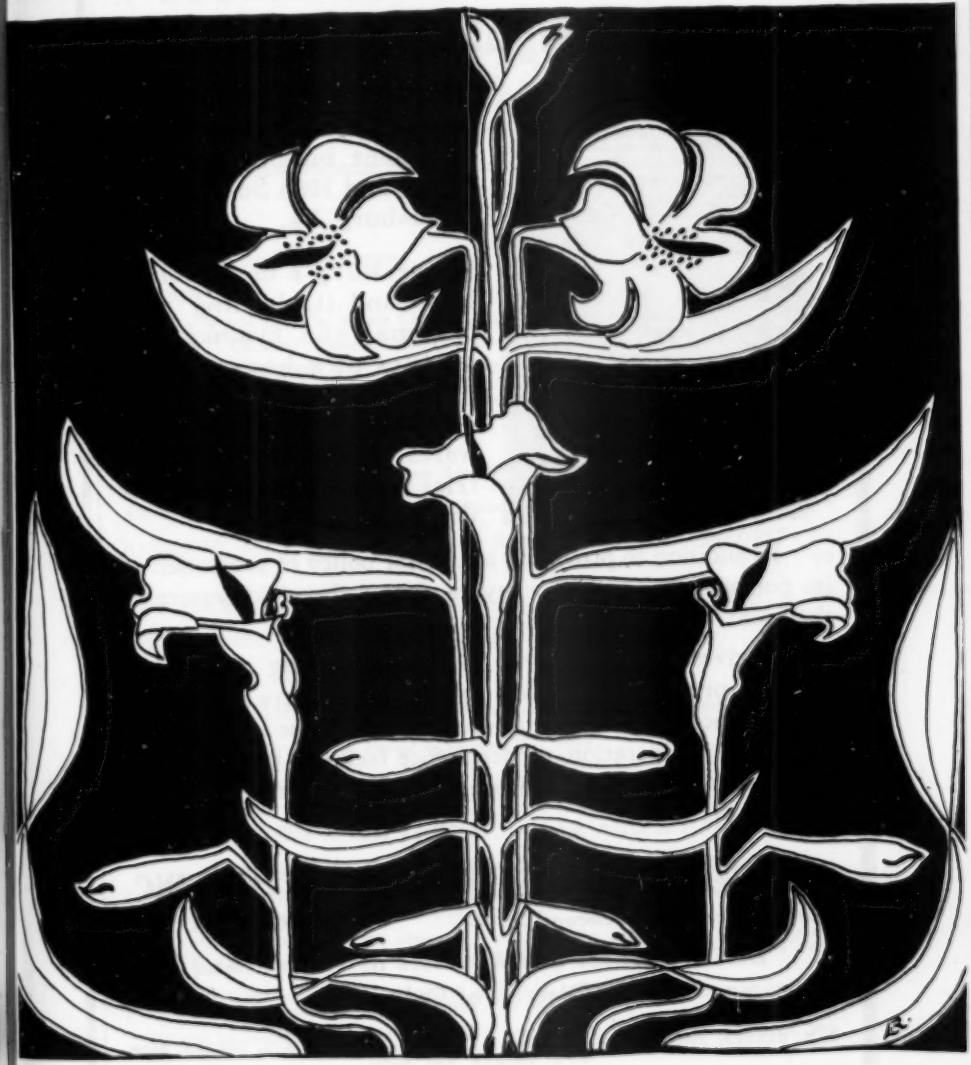
THE CRISIS



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THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AND COPYRIGHTED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE, AT 70 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY. CONDUCTED BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS; JESSIE REDMON FAUSET, LITERARY EDITOR; AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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Drawing by Lucille Rogers.

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 24. No. 2 JUNE, 1922 Whole No. 140

Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

THE WORLD AND US

HOW Warren Harding, after his categorical promise to free Haiti, can sit in the White House silent and limp while Russell and McIlhenny rape this little helpless land for the benefit of the National City Bank, passes our comprehension. Can he refuse to listen to the call uttered so clearly yesterday?

Our little brown brothers of the Philippines still ask in vain for freedom. One would think that a country so bent on racial antipathies and segregations as we, would hasten to assure the Darker World that we mean what we say, by letting the Philippines and Haiti and Porto Rico and Hawaii go if they want to go, and be by themselves and live untouched by white prejudice. But no! We wander the world seeking colored companions and hugging them to us despite their struggles. And for that reason we who are inside stay here. Not because we like it particularly, but because it's safer inside a beast and next his vitals than outside and under his hands and feet.

Again the never ending miracle of the year bursts in pale yellows and crimsons and the faint feel of heat. But no—I talk of New York. Already in New Orleans summer is blushing crimson and gold. Already at the Cape of Good Hope the cold fall winds are blowing, and snow is flying in Australia. But everywhere it is miraculous, everywhere, men rise and fall and hope and cry with the weather. Why should we fear to talk of it?

Still Ireland bleeds. We afar can scarcely discern her green and poignant beauty beneath the mists and fogs of politicians and press reporters. But one thing, which we do not need to see, is exemplified in this unhappy broil: the deep distrust of England by the masses of the hurt and disinherited, the world round; the hatred of the Irish for a land that has fooled them so long that they fear her most bringing gifts; the mounting hatred of the Indians at her persistent blundering; the smouldering distrust of Egypt at her double dealing—

"Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
"England hath need of thee!"

Coal—it is not manufactured, it is a gift of God. It belongs to the people and it is monopolized by private corporations. It is not yet scarce but it is made artificially scarce so as to raise prices. The price paid by the public and the quantity used could afford a living wage to miners and steady employment to permanen and large groups of workers. As it is, more mines are opened than are needed and in these mines men are kept at work on part time, so that when the demand for coal is highest all may work, and when it is lowest, some may starve. And this is done to support with high profits the largest number of coal operators.

Of all states in the United States, West Virginia is the most glaring

example of the ruthless exploitation of a group of people by great and soulless corporations. The great coal and iron and steel companies centering in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, with their stock owned by good and simple Quaker folk who preach sweetness and light, and their policies dictated by metal-hearted bandits, own West Virginia. They direct its politics, divide its income and drive its workers, and the only audible protest against a state of affairs which is a disgrace to civilization is voiced by a few miners banded together to escape compulsory starvation. And we still send missionaries to China!

The vaster the body the mightier the travail of a soul in torment. China is still in chains, still in the throes of civil murder, still seeking to give birth to a great modern free state. Europe is lending no effective help but lies ready to pounce at any dawning of death. The soul of Japan is apparently incapable or perhaps unable to reach across the prejudice of centuries and heal the wound that divides the mightiest of human races. And yet where there is Pain there is Life, and it is unsatisfied striving that keeps evil forever uneasy and insecure.

Ulysses Simpson Grant, born 100 years since, was no genius. He was a dogged plodder of medium intelligence and with no particular ideals. He won a war methodically, doggedly with horrible spilling of blood and mangling of flesh, without conception of sorrow and pain, and with eye single to victory. He neither liked nor despised Negroes and would probably have defended slavery as brutally as he destroyed it, if he had been in Lee's shoes; just as Lee, in his, would have fought for freedom. As a President, Grant was a failure—the victim of thieves, the delight of politicians, the despair of statesmen. And yet, with all this, we might without Grant have had Negro slavery still with us in worse form than it still exists.

There can be no question but that the Russians have made a good appearance at Genoa. Their demand for recognition as a *de jure* government was logically inevitable and unanswerable. Their initial offer to reduce the military forces so as to lessen France's excuse for a great army was not only delicious but fair; their treaty with Germany was reasonable within itself and no one's else business; their offer to assume pre-war debt incurred by a Czar for the purpose of enslaving the mass of Russians was generous; and their desire for a loan parallels the desire of nearly every other nation . The world still has a right to doubt the ability of the Bolsheviki to conduct, in peace and prosperity, industry and government by democratic political methods, or even by oligarchy for the benefit of the masses; but it has no earthly right to question the legality of a government to sequester private property and manage commercial enterprises. We ourselves are doing business as expressmen, farmers, manufacturers, bankers, miners and weather prophets. The Bolsheviki may be dreamers, but they are not fools.

Last night I sat in Utopia and saw Egypt and India, Africa and the South Seas parade in the sleek sweet splendor of Parisian finery made and planned in High Harlem. It was a lovely sight—such a poem as only colored New York can do, and do it carelessly, laughingly, perfectly, bathing in light and music.

WHITE CHARITY

THROUGHOUT the United States are numberless charities—schools, homes, hospitals and orphanages,—supported wholly or in part by white donors for the benefit of Negroes. As the Negroes have accumulated more means and become more self-assertive, the tendency has been for white givers to reduce their gifts or discontinue their interest entirely, putting many worthy and useful, indeed indispensable, institutions in grave distress.

The motives for this withdrawal of help are various: many charitable folk have been left straitened by the war and the new rich have not learned charity. Other folks think that Negroes are now rich enough to help themselves; while not a few others resent the Negroes' new tone and demands so deeply that they say: Very well, help yourselves and make no more appeals to us!

These last two classes are ill-advised. The Negro is still a poor, a very poor group and cannot support the social reform and eleemosynary work which he needs for social uplift. Moreover his great bond to the rich and powerful has been their charity—if they break this bond they break the last tie that holds him in leash. This may be best in time, but for them is it wise now? Is it wise for white folk to forget that no amount of almsgiving on their part will half repay the 300 years of unpaid toil and the fifty years of serfdom by which the black man has piled up wealth and comfort for white America?

It would be a wiser and more far-sighted attitude today for white America to insist on paying back this debt which they owe to black America as a privilege—as a great peace-offering for wrong—rather than petulantly to vent their spleen on the sick, the degraded and the young for the growing self-assertion of the well, the risen and the old.

On our part the way is clear: the sooner we rise above charity, the sooner we shall be free.

THE TABOO OF METHUSELAH

TWO plays have been running in New York, widely different and yet connected. Shaw's Methuselah cycle is a bold critique of evolution and man: keen, fantastic, tremendous; wherein are treated the problems of short life, politicians without principles, the education of children, war and immortality. And in the midst of the five parts, in part three, there is a picture of the year 2170 A.D., with a republic in England ruled by Chinese and Negroes, with a colored woman as Minister of Health to whom the white President, Burge-Lubin, is making desperate love.

And now the Taboo: we have searched the reviews of New York critics in vain to find the slightest allusion to this incident. Mind you, the greatest dramatic effort of the year with no or almost no allusion to the fact that G. B. S. predicts the salvation of the world through the mulatto!

Why this Taboo? Because the white world fears discussion; it fears even imagination or fantastic artistry on this race problem. For this reason Mary Hoyt Wiborg's great play "Taboo" also spoke to deaf hearts in New York. To be sure it was, as critics complained, somewhat obscure in plot. But to us that sit within the veil it was clear. It was a tale of some far-off curse of mixed blood, descending on a little golden-haired Louisiana white child and making him abnormal and dumb. But around this unpleasant and untrue theme was woven a splendid fantasy of witchery and dark religious rites, of a great dream-Africa clothed in brilliant splendor and of the romance and tragedy of the old slave South.

But it all fell on deaf ears. First because white and black actors played together in it and played exceedingly well, and this is "Social Equality". But also because the audience had been taught to regard Negro witchcraft as funny minstrel stuff and not as crimson tragedy. They could not understand "What it was all about". To them the new art was Taboo.

CAN YOU HELP?

Aux Cayes,
République d'Haïti.

The Editor of THE CRISIS:

PLEASE forgive the liberty which a comparative stranger takes in approaching you. I am a West Indian from Granada, B. W. I. In the summer of 1921 I, having left my island home with the aim of seking employment in Cuba to help my poor mother and three sisters, my father who was a well-to-do man died in 1921, and with him his whole belongings. I was forced to leave school, aged 18, to work and support my mother and sisters aged from 4 to 12 respectively, but being unfortunate never got to Cuba. A whole two days' storm off the coast of Haiti forced us to ask for rescue and on the third day, when we expected all was over, we was gladdened by being rescued by a Haitian boat and was landed here in the month of April last. We was given no help by the English Consul and was compelled to take up the only job that the island can give, laboring at one gourde per day, value 20 cents American currency; with this one must obtain everything. I was always expecting something would turn up, but things have gone to worse and nothing to be got to do. My boots are all gone and the hopes of leaving here has fled, a storm having passed over Granada in September last with the result of my mother's house blown down and now she is laid down with paralysis of one arm and there is none to help, I being the oldest, and she is every month expecting something, something that wouldn't reach her. I was taking a course of lessons with the I. C. S. in civil engineering. I had to drop it on account of not being able to work for enough to help her and to pursue my course of lessons. While I beg the liberty to await your solicited help, I am, sir, obediently,

JOHN FRANCIQUE.

P. S.—There is a Royal Bank of Canada here and even a 5-cent stamp can be exchanged.

CATHOLIC PRIESTS

Dear Sir:

THE April CRISIS has an editorial which ends by asking whether the present Pope will see to it that Negro priests are ordained. To me this is a tremendous question for which I have agitated. By what right can Negro priests be excluded? Could you not write a personal letter to Pius XI? He speaks English and French fluently. He does not know of this abuse. God bless you.

RAYMOND VERNICOURT,
Catholic Priest.

P. S.—Do not drop this great question, be fearless, many priests will be with you.

AN INSTITUTE OF NEGRO LITERATURE AND ART

WE need a periodical gathering of Negro artists and writers in some central meeting-place. A summertime assembling in or near New York might be best.

Such an annual gathering might:

1. Establish personal acquaintanceships
2. Study literature and art
3. Collect materials
4. Study methods
5. Establish canons of taste
6. Criticize results
7. Visit libraries and museums

All this might be done with a minimum of organization and with little money. Indeed an example of simplicity, poverty and joy in creation and fellowship might be made.

Those to whom this idea appeals are asked to write the editor.

SIDNEY

SIDNEY DE LA RUE, a white man, filed application for an accountant's position in Washington saying that he would "consider $3,500 or more" as a salary. The Commissioner was anxious to favor Mr. De La Rue for various reasons; but insufficiency of experience and lack of qualifications compelled the Chief Economist, Dr. W. H. S. Stevens, to offer Mr. De La Rue only a position as junior accountant at $1,200-$1,800. This he refused. But—

The Commissioner recommended Mr. De La Rue to the State Department. Mr. Hughes' colleagues sent him to Liberia as Agent of the Auditor of the State Department. We always select our best to uplift Africa!

ATTENTION! AIM!

THIS coming November, thirty-three Senators are to be elected. So far as we know at present, only one of the Senators whose terms expire will not stand for re-election. What we must do is to bring more pressure, friendly, yet firm, on Republican Senators, letting them know that they cannot expect Negro votes unless they do everything in their power to pass the Anti-Lynching Bill. Nail them to that one issue.

Send a telegram or letter to your Republican Senators calling attention to the following facts:

1. The Republican Party platform, adopted June 19, 1920, pledged itself to Congressional action against lynching in these words: *"We urge Congress to consider the most effective means to end lynching in this country which continues to be a terrible blot on American civilization."*
2. President Harding in his first message to Congress, on April 12, 1921, further solemnly pledged the Administration to end lynching by saying: *"Congress ought to wipe the stain of barbaric lynching from the banners of a free and orderly representative democracy."*
3. The House of Representatives on January 26, 1922, passed the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill by a vote of 230 to 119.
4. The Attorney-General of the United States, Harry M. Daugherty, has declared the Dyer Bill constitutional.

Emphasize these facts upon both Senators, telling them that every colored voter in the State is looking to the Republicans in the Senate to pass the Bill, thus carrying out the platform pledge of the party and acting in accordance with the specific request of the President. Let them know that colored voters can do nothing less than hold the Republican Party to blame if the bill is not acted upon or is defeated. Make your letters specific. Let the tone be courteous, but firm and unequivocal.

Take Michigan, for example: Senator Charles E. Townsend is up for re-election. He has openly put himself on record as favoring the Dyer Anti-Lynching bill. He is opposed by Congressman Patrick J. Kelley, *the only Michigan representative who voted against the Dyer Bill.* Kelley is "progressive," "new thought" and all that, but, Michigan Negroes, *VOTE FOR TOWNSEND!*

Moreover do not forget the Democratic Senators, North and South; remind them gently but clearly that it would be very poor politics to let the world assume that the Democratic Party is the party of lynchers. Sug-

gest that the way to split the Northern Negro vote is to pass the Dyer Bill with or without their Republican colleagues' help.

When you have done what is outlined above, get other organizations and individuals, particularly political organizations, to send similar messages. The situation is serious! Act now! We have got to put this over and we can do it only through united effort and acton.

HAITI

OVER two years ago, James Weldon Johnson and Herbert J. Seligmann from the executive offices of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People went to Haiti to investigate American control. They returned and denounced the situation there, showing that over three thousand natives had been killed and that the United States had forced its control on an independent people against their will without adequate cause.

At first there was vigorous denial, then finally most of the facts were admitted. Mr. Johnson then went to Warren Harding, candidate for the Presidency, and secured his interest in Haiti. He stated categorically before election that he would not be a party to "forcing a constitution upon a helpless people against their will."

When the Administration took office, the Secretary of the Navy rushed to Haiti and after perfunctory investigation, practically announced that the Republicans proposed to take over the work of the Democrats and rule the colored republic for the benefit of the National City Bank and other large corporations.

Indignation rose high and Haiti sent a delegation here which made categorical and explicit protests. A Senate committee was appointed with Medill McCormick at its head. This committee has done everything in its power to distort the truth, whitewash the situation and ease it out of public notice. *If ever a Senator deserved defeat for betrayal of the Negro race, Medill McCormick is that man.*

Despite his efforts, however, the question has pushed itself forward again and now twenty-four lawyers including some of the greatest names of the bar have appealed to Washington against the infamy of our presence in Haiti and demanded the immediate abrogation of the so-called treaty of 1919, legal elections and a new treaty on mutually satisfactory lines.

SELF-HELP

THE Jews of America were asked last September to raise $14,000,000 to save their people from starvation in Russia and the East. Seven months later they had raised $18,000,000 and eight-ninths of this was in cash.

And this was not all the gift of the rich either. The pennies of the poor swelled these millions and the single dollars of the workers.

This is self-help. This is a lesson and a vivid lesson to black folk.

PATENTS

THOSE who would reform economic society should not forget patents. Under our present laws the discoverer may die of starvation while the rich monopolist who has bought his patent for a song bleeds the nation with guaranteed special privilege for 14 years. One little law making patent rights personal and inalienable might easily do more than a whole revolution. Who would develop patents under such restrictions? Those who are willing to pay the patentee decently. Surely there are a few such Captains of Industry.

THE NEGRO IN DRAMA

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

BECAUSE she has been an actress and is now writing pageants and little plays, I asked Mrs. Hartt to share my study of the Negro in Drama. So these impressions are not a reporter's merely, nor at all a professional critic's; I saw through the eyes of an artist, and if an artist may perhaps be a trifle too generous when appraising the genius of fellow-craftsmen—at the moment, that is—pray note that some little time has gone by since we saw Gilpin in "The Emperor Jones", and went to an astonishing matinee at the Negro theatre in Harlem, and chatted with Negro players, Negro scenario writers, and Negro moving picture producers in their Dressing-Room Club at the Harlem Community House established by Community Service. Yesterday—calmly I think—we reviewed our exploits.

Every theatre-loving New Yorker—and every theatre-loving sojourner in New York—knows the "Emperor Jones", black scapegrace lording it over a West Indian island "not yet self-determined by American marines". During the opening scene, revolution breaks out. From then on, we see the Emperor fleeing. Solitary. At night. Through the forest. Far away, a tom-tom reveals where his enemies are preparing the silver bullet which, as he has boasted, alone can kill him. He is visited by awful "hants". A bravo at first, he becomes more and more horror-stricken. Finally, he shoots himself. The play is practically all Gilpin. Gilpin soliloquizing. On a stage nearly dark.

Mr. Robert Bridges remarked to me the other day, "I'd hate to see a white man try it. Salvini might have succeeded. No living white man could." To the actress, Gilpin is amazing: "Never before in my whole experience have I seen an actor carry so difficult a *rôle*. He was forced to people the stage with imaginary characters. If he had not had an extraordinary imagination, you would never have felt the reality of the foes who filled him with terror. He lived his part, in absolute sincerity; there was no trick of technique you ever caught him at. And that prayer in the forest—that agonized prayer! He put into it the complete realization of what he was saying as an artist, and as a human being."

It takes an actress fully to measure the triumph. "Soliloquy is the most difficult thing a player can handle; every Hamlet finds this the great test. Yet Gilpin never made you nervous—you never felt that he was having a hard time to wade ashore with it. And he 'got it over' in the dark—a most difficult feat. I doubt if Salvini could have played the 'Emperor'! I don't know any one but Gilpin who could. Let alone other exactions, what a strain on the voice! The average actor in the average cast feels that strain, though it is shared by anywhere from ten to twenty-five people, so that each gets time to rest his voice. Gilpin has almost none. Yet throughout the play it responds to every nuance of his thought."

A modest genius is Gilpin. Invited to the actors' banquet, he came with the intention of not staying. Interviewed by newspaper men, he declared in effect, "Many a Negro could play the 'Emperor' ", and later on, in the Dressing-Room Club down under the establishment, a Negro said to us: "We have a lot of Gilpins." But it was in none too expectant a mood that we visited the Lafayette Theatre in Seventh Avenue near 131st Street, Harlem. The more fools we. Prepared for crude melodrama, we found—but first to describe the theatre.

It is a spacious affair, handsome and scrupulously cared for. Posters outside announced the Lafayette Players (stock company, all black) in "The Love of Choo Chin". With charming courtesy, a colored girl sells tickets. A mannerly girl usher, wearing Chinese dress in honor of Choo Chin, showed us to our box. The orchestra (colored) consisted entirely of young women. On the drop curtain, cheerful nymphs (colored) disported themselves in a familiar enough drop-curtain Eclogue. The audience (all black) was remarkable chiefly for its air of very pleasing refinement.

What wonder? Among the 150,000 Negroes in Harlem, university graduates abound.

"The Love of Choo Chin" is a play within a play. The Prologue introduces a rich American just back from China. To an old crony of his, he relates his adventures. Yes, there was a girl. The drama itself tells the story our hero tells his friend—how he fell in love with Choo Chin; how Choo Chin rejected him in order to marry an odious Celestial, who, otherwise, would take her father's life; and how the detestable alliance was happily forestalled—happily indeed, as it turned out that Choo Chin was really the daughter of Americans slain during the Boxer Uprising. The Epilogue resumes the confidences between our hero and his friend. Finally enters the girl in American dress. So the hero presents his bride, and all ends sweetly.

It is a pretty play. We were told afterward that only the huge popularity of "East is West" prevented its becoming a tip-top Broadway success. The Lafayette Players staged it splendidly, with elaborate scenery, correct costuming, careful stage direction, and an exercise of fine artistic conscience throughout. "I never saw a better performance by a stock company anywhere," remarked the lady at my side. "What dignity and sincerity in the entire cast!"

However, it was at one point quite uproariously amusing—to us. White folks can black up, but black folks can't white up, and the rich American traveller was unequivocally a Negro. We could forget that. We could not forget, however, that his English butler, who dropped his *h*'s, was also a Negro. Oh, a lovely Negro! Black! This, as Hashimura Togo would say, was "very tough projectile for white folks to chew", though the audience took it beautifully, and there is now and then a much more hilarious absurdity on our own stage—to wit, an Englishman attempting Negro dialect.

Except as regards color, that black man played the English butler to perfection. With your eyes shut, you would have been completely deceived, so imitative is the Negro voice. To be sure, we noticed once or twice on the part of other performers a tendency to lapse into Afro-American. Once or twice only. Faultless diction was the rule. And such deep, rich voices! How flexible! How carrying and enduring! Said Mrs. Hartt, "If a white player had any one of those voices, he'd be made!"

She was especially delighted with Evelyn Ellis, the leading lady, and praised "her wide and unusual range of talent, her ability to play an emotional *rôle* coupled with a charming sense of comedy; her absolute control of her body; her gesture; her voice, in its delicate modulations; her sympathetic understanding of the poetic lines of the play. Throughout the entire performance I failed to detect one instance of false reading." And before the second act was over, she said, "I'm going to write to her".

"Wouldn't you like to meet her?" I asked. "I think it might be managed."

During an entre-acte, I stepped to the rear of the house, and said to one of the ushers, "The lady in the box with me was formerly Miss Helen Harrington, of the Coburn Players. Could you arrange for her to meet Miss Ellis?"

The little usher went behind the scenes, and returned, presently, with word that Miss Ellis would come to our box after the performance.

See how our mood had changed. In a Negro theatre, we had no longer a sensation of being among people of an alien race—perhaps because art knows no color line, perhaps also because the audience, black outwardly, seemed white inwardly, and, without overdoing the matter, responded appreciatively to nobility of phrase and sentiment, as well as to humor, in a most exquisite drama.

When Miss Ellis came to us, she stood at the curtained doorway of our box, and consequently the white actress turned her back to me while talking with the colored actress. I overheard only this—Miss Ellis saying, "Oh, you don't know how much that means to me!"

Out in Seventh Avenue, afterward, I asked, "What did you say to that colored girl?"

"I said, 'Miss Ellis, you are a very great artist.' "

And so she is. Some day a dramatist with enough genius will write a play about an octoroon, and a manager with enough genius will give Evelyn Ellis the leading *rôle*. There'll be a fortune in it.

On our way home, the white actress said, "I want to cry." It was a mood I could

perfectly understand. All that talent, all that refinement, all that charm, and—colored! I had been in the same mood, once, after an hour with Miss Helen Keller; came away saying to myself, not, "How magnificent that a creature born blind and deaf has achieved such a triumph!" but instead, "How tragical that a splendid, beautiful, gifted woman—so radiant and sweet—must endure such limitations!" Which was of course quite the wrong point of view, as regards Miss Keller. By and by, it will be the wrong point of view as regards Miss Ellis. Shut out from our world, the Negroes are fast making a world of their own. It holds great promise. Who knows but that it may one day equal ours? When that day arrives, what honor will crown the Negroes who, despite hardships that would break the spirit of a less forgiving race, have promoted the growth of artistic sensibility among their people!

In the upper Seventh Avenue district, Community Service started the Harlem Community House to foster Negro jollity and Negro genius. Gilpin used to come there to hobnob with Negro actors. In the Dressing-Room Club, a page about Gilpin from a Sunday paper adorned the bulletin board, when I was there. A framed photograph of members of the Drama League at their banquet showed Gilpin among them. In a kind of an office, Marian S. Nicholas was devoting her spare moments to collaborating with Leigh Whipple upon scenarios. Upstairs, P. A. McDougall conducted a dramatic school. After an evening in that center of creative, as well as interpretative, activity, Mrs. Hartt remarked, "Nothing in all my life has been so interesting as this experience of discussing the drama with intellectual Negroes." And with charmingly courteous Negroes, I may add. When we entered the Dressing-Room Club, a group of Negro actors were seated about a table playing cards. Instantly, every man rose.

There is a lot to talk about in such a group. Gilpin is now on the road. Here in New York it is reported that his manager has in hand a musical comedy, "Nobody Knows", with a cast of thirty Negroes, among them Creamer and Layton, the song writers. Not long ago the Colored Players' Guild of New York presented "The Niche", by Dora Norman, and "The Pitfalls of Appearance", by G. A. Woods. Both writers are members of the Guild. "Put and Take", a Negro revue, ran for several months in New York. "Shuffle Along" still occupies the Music Hall on 63rd Street. Negro students at Moorehouse College, Atlanta, recently presented "Hamlet". And at the time we visited the Community House, pupils of its dramatic school were rehearsing a pageant. We begged to look in on them.

Having carried the leading *rôle* in Percy MacKaye's Gloucester pageant, "The Canterbury Pilgrims", and having written pageants of her own, Mrs. Hartt is a trained critic in such matters. As the teacher explained his pageant (he had created it, himself), I wondered what she would say. What she did say was, "Excellent! The real thing—pure pageantry, conceived with a fine handling of symbolism, and a sincere and lovely reaching out for beauty." The author, by the way, is a devoted student of Keats. As for his pupils—young girls from fourteen to eighteen years old—they showed "an unusual reverence for art. More, indeed, than is common among white students. Nobody giggled. On the whole, it was as creditable a performance as you will find in any dramatic school, and in one respect it was exceptional. All had fine voices." But I think that the white author of pageants was especially impressed by our Negro writer's method—his adoption of a poetic theme and his endeavor to elaborate it with scrupulous consistency. The Negro mind loves simplicity, directness, the dominance of one idea. Its aim is purposive—even didactic.

In drama, whether for stage or screen, it is not content with mere dramatic genre-painting. It burns to say something. Downstairs, Miss Nicholas read us the scenario she and Leigh Whipple had written. The theme was reincarnation. From beginning to end, the story developed that theme. Another photo-play, "The Slacker", written by a Negro, and produced by Negroes, with Negro actors, for Negro audiences, made loyalty its theme. Shown throughout black America during the War, it sought to offset German propaganda among Negroes. "Why fight for a country that oppresses you?" cried German agents. Here was black America's answer.

In the Dressing-Room Club we saw a

gaudy poster advertising that film, and Negro actors are prouder of it, even, than of the photographic group showing Gilpin at the Drama League's banquet. "The Slacker" got results—tangible, measurable, and nobly patriotic. They glory in it.

The walls of the Dressing-Room Club were covered with photographs. Chronologically arranged, they would have illustrated the Afro-American's progress from mere vaudeville clowning and stage minstrelsy upward through silent drama into the realm of complete and finished art. The Negro was never by nature a buffoon. He was never supremely a comedian. White folks blacked up are always funnier. It is in serious drama that he has come into his own. And it is in serious drama, whether spoken or silent, that he finds himself a power.

Professor Kerlin, author of that admirable book, "The Voice of the Negro", declares that the real leader of the Negro race today is the Negro press. It has grown enormously. The literate Negro family today takes from one to five Negro newspapers. But what of the illiterates? Throughout black America, Negro theatres and Negro movie houses are rapidly multiplying, and Negroes, unable to read, see Negro plays performed by Negroes in establishments owned and managed by negroes. They see Negro films. And a Negro film producer said to us in the Dressing-Room Club, "I'm working just now on a photoplay called 'Toussaint L'Ouverture'. It's a sermon. If a film isn't a sermon, I don't want anything to do with it." Within a very few years, the Negro theatre will become as influential as the Negro press—more influential, possibly. If, as Professor Kerlin declares, the Negro has "discovered his Fourth Estate", he has also discovered his Fifth. It is a momentous discovery, coming as it does when for the first time in history the Negro seems determined to shape his own career.

AN ORGANIZER OF OLD

NO account of the Grand United Order of Oddfellows in the United States could be complete without a mention of Peter Ogden. As it happens no account of Peter Ogden would be possible without mention of the Grand United Order of Oddfellows for unfortunately very little is known of him save his connection with that order. But that connection was of a nature so far-reaching and so important that the telling of it makes an interesting story.

As far back as 1842 a group of colored men constituting the Philomathean Literary and Musical Society of New York City organized a new association whose purpose was to gain from the Independent Order of Oddfellows a dispensation to form a lodge. Ulysses B. Vidal, James Fields and other illustrious members of this organization waited as a committee on the Grand Master of the Independent Order and preferred their request.

They were flatly refused and refused without a doubt on account of color.

Into the midst of these negotiations Peter Ogden—for all that one is able to learn of his early life—dropped like a bolt from the blue. He was already at this date a man of considerable training, apparently self-taught, and he had added to this the experience which comes from having frequently crossed the seas. But more than that he was a man of decided convictions and "noted for his earnestness in any cause he undertook". In some way he became acquainted with the purpose of the members of the Philomathean Institute and from the outset strove to influence them against petitioning the Independent (American) Order of Oddfellows. It was much better, he assured them, to be connected with England and the Grand United Order and to enjoy thereby the benefits accruing from association with the fountain-head. He himself already belonged to the English Order through affiliation with Lodge No. 448 in Liverpool.

PETER OGDEN

Upon the refusal of the Independent Order the committee of the Philomathean Institute deputized Peter Ogden to negotiate with his Liverpool Lodge for a dispensation. The Lodge undertook to secure this and got in touch with the Committee of Management at the headquarters in Leeds who promptly granted the required dispensation. Thus was established Philomathean Lodge, No. 646, New York, March 1, 1843. Furthermore the Committee of Management authorized Peter Ogden, destined to be Grand Master of the Philomathean Lodge, to act as their representative in America and in this capacity to take charge of all matters there pertaining to the Grand United Order.

Peter Ogden undoubtedly had a flair for the exercise of administrative power. In the ten years which lay before him he established a subcommittee of management, organized a Past Grand Masters' Chapter, resolved difficulties, soothed contentions that rose among the new lodges which began to spring up everywhere, and crushed the doubts and prejudices which the Independent Order of Oddfellows undertook to sow among the Grand United Order of England.

He died in 1852 convinced that he had initiated a great progressive movement. Not even his splendid vision, I dare say, had dreamed of the remarkable growth of the Grand United Order of Oddfellows in America which boasts 10,000 branches and nearly 500,000 members.

The record of his services is a lesson in organization.

BANKING COAL

JEAN TOOMER

WHOEVER it was who brought the first wood and coal
To start the fire, did his part well;
Not all wood takes to fire from a match,
Nor coal from wood before it's burned to charcoal.
The wood and coal in question caught a flame
And flared up beautifully, touching the air
That takes a flame from anything.

Somehow the fire was furnaced,
And then the time was ripe for some to say,
"Right banking of the furnace saves the coal."
I've seen them set to work, each in his way,
Though all with shovels and with ashes,
Never resting till the fire seemed most dead;
Whereupon they'd crawl in hooded nightcaps
Contentedly to bed. Sometimes the fire left alone
Would die, but like as not spiced tongues
Remaining by the hardest on till day would flicker up,
Never strong, to anyone who cared to rake for them.
But roaring fires never have been made that way.
I'd like to tell those folks that one grand flare
Transferred to memory tissues of the air
Is worth a life, or, for dull minds that turn in gold,
All money ever saved by banking coal.

AS TO BOOKS

JESSIE FAUSET

The Book of American Negro Poetry. Chosen and edited by James Weldon Johnson. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York.

Harlem Shadows. Claude McKay. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

Birthright. T. S. Stribling. The Century Co., New York.

White and Black. H. A. Shands. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

Carter and Other People. Don Marquis. Appleton and Co., New York.

Negro Folk Rhymes. Thomas W. Talley. Macmillan Co., New York.

The Negro Problem. Compiled by Julia E. Johnsen. H. W. Wilson Co., New York.

ONE of the poets whom James Weldon Johnson quotes in his "Book of American Negro Poetry", himself defines unconsciously the significance of this collection. This poet, Charles Bertram Johnson, after noting in the development of Negro Poets "the greater growing reach of larger latent power", declares:

> We wait our Lyric Seer,
> By whom our wills are caught.
> Who makes our cause and wrong
> The motif of his song;
> Who sings our racial good,
> Bestows us honor's place,
> The cosmic brotherhood
> Of genius—not of race.

Not all of the 32 poets quoted here give evidence of this cosmic quality, but there is a fair showing, notably Mrs. Georgia Douglas Johnson whose power however is checked by the narrowness of her medium of expression, Claude McKay and Anne Spencer. Of Claude McKay I shall speak later, but I wonder why we have not heard more of Anne Spencer. Her art and its expression are true and fine; she blends a delicate mysticism with a diamond clearness of exposition, and her subject matter is original.

This anthology itself has the value of an arrow pointing the direction of Negro genius, but the author's preface has a more immediate worth. It is not only a graceful bit of expository writing befitting a collection of poetry, but it affords a splendid compendium of the Negro's artistic contributions to America. Mr. Johnson feels that the Negro is the author of the only distinctively American artistic products. He lists his gifts as follows: Folk-tales such as we find in the Joel Chandler Harris collection; the Spirituals; the Cakewalk and Ragtime. What is still more important is the possession on the part of the Negro of what Mr. Johnson calls a "transfusive quality", that is the ability to adopt the original spirit of his milieu into something "artistic and original, which yet possesses the note of universal appeal".

The first thought that will flash into the mind of the reader of "Harlem Shadows" will be: *"This is poetry!"* No other later discovery, a slight unevenness of power, a strange rhythm, the fact of the author's ancestry, will be able to affect that first evaluation. Mr. McKay possesses a deep emotionalism, a perception of what is fundamentally important to mankind everywhere—love of kind, love of home, and love of race. He is extraordinarily vivid in depicting these last two. "Flameheart" and "My Mother" fill even the casual reader with a sense of longing for home and the first, fine love for parents. The warmth and sweetness of those days described in the former poem are espcially alluring; the mind is caught by the concept of the poinsettia's redness as the eye is fixed by a flash of color. But Mr. McKay's nobler effort has been spent in the poems of which "America" (quoted in this issue's *Looking Glass*) is the finest example. He has dwelt in fiery, impassioned language on the sufferings of his race. Yet there is no touch of propaganda. This is the truest mark of genius.

Max Eastman prefaces these poems with a thoughtful and appreciative foreword.

The publishers of "Birthright" could hardly have realized how correctly they were writing when they spoke of it as an "amazing book". Amazing it is in every sense of the word and in no way more than in its contradictions. The story is that of a colored boy, Peter Siner, who after leaving "Hooker's Bend" for four years of Harvard comes back to his own special "Niggertown" and surrenders to its environment. *That* is his birthright.

The style of the book is really unusual, the author clearly knows how to delineate his characters and how to write an absorbing story. But he does not care how many fallacies he introduces. Here is a boy brave and far-visioned enough to pick himself up out of the ruck and mire and to get away to the very best of intellectual and aesthetic life only to yield on his return to the worst features of it. This hardly seems likely. But while Mr. Stribling fails in depicting his hero, it is probable that he has been successful in limning his subordinate characters. One is struck forcibly by the meanness and shallowness of life in Hooker's Bend and its menacing "Niggertown", its sordid whites and shiftless Negroes. One is hard put to it to decide which race appeals to him least. "Something rotten" indeed has crept into the national ideal which permits the existence of conditions like these.

Mr. Shands' "White and Black" leaves one not quite so angry as does "Birthright", but infinitely more depressed. Written in an unusually poor style, this story lacks the speciousness and sophistication of Mr. Stribling's art and for that very reason seems somehow more sincere. These white and black Texans live a life unspeakably revolting, mean, sordid and petty. The one redeeming character, "Mr. Will", even at his best is patronizing in his dealings with Negroes; at his worst he is as autocratic as a man of fewer altruistic pretentions. Over and through every manifestation of life in this town seeps the miasma of immorality, of illicit sexual relations. The whites do not respect the blacks because they are black and nobodies. The blacks do not respect the whites because they are white and are still nobodies. The colored girl Sally, the cleverest person in the book, estimates correctly enough the resistance of

Hugo Gellert

CLAUDE McKAY

the white boy who has just joined church and that of the Negro who is a minister of the gospel, and she acts accordingly. It is not surprising that the author introduces into these surroundings a lynching and a procession of the Ku Klux Klan. Such surroundings breed such phenomena.

From a sociological standpoint these two books may be viewed as a step forward in the relationship of the races. They may be cited too as good examples of the realistic school; especially is this true in "White and Black" and in the portions of "Birthright" devoted to a description of "Niggertown". Finally as a commentary on the uses of American life they are drastic, most unpleasant, but valuable.

Among a number of interesting, well-written but pessimistic stories Don Marquis introduces one called "Carter", presenting an aspect of the Negro problem which I confess I never have seen manifested. "Carter" is a mulatto who can easily be taken for white. He comes North to work and usually poses as a white man. His blood rather than his actual color is his bane however. Not content with being seven-eighths Caucasian, of having the appear-

ance of a Caucasian and therefore of enjoying the advantages of a Caucasian, his life becomes a dreary burden because he is not a Caucasian. So deep is his dislike for his black blood, that not only is he forced to admit his admixture to his white fiancée, but when she shows her indifference to this fact, "the seven-eighths of blood which was white spoke: 'By God! I can't have anything to do with a woman who would marry a nigger!'"

I told this story to a colored school girl. Her reaction to it was hardly what the author, I imagine, would have expected. She said inimitably: "Gee but don't white people just hate themselves!"

In his carefully compiled volume of "Negro Folk Rhymes", Professor Talley gives us a new aspect of Negro life which is by a strange contradiction both disappointing and interesting. It is easy to mark in the collection the finger of the scientific investigator rather than that of the poet; for viewed from the standpoint of beauty these songs fail to satisfy, but from the standpoint of sociology they are both valuable and enlightening. They show the pathetic narrowness and drabness of the slave's outlook, his pitiful desire to get the better even if only in fancy of his environment and of his oppressors, and so he chuckles:

Dem white folks set up in a Dinin' Room
An' dey charve dat mutton an' lam'.
De Nigger, he set 'hind de kitchen door,
An' he eat up de good sweet ham.

Dem white folks, dey set up an' look so fine,
An' dey eats dat old cow meat;
But de Nigger grin an' he don't say much,
Still he know how to git what's sweet.

In seeking compensation for his lot, he dwells on other unsuccessful creatures whose very failure to measure up to norms of beauty marks a kinship of suffering. "There are others" he declares:

Nev' min' if my nose are flat,
An' my face are black an' sooty;
De Jaybird hain't so big in song,
An' de Bullfrog hain't no beauty.

Certain salient characteristics of the Negro are traceable in these songs, his sense of humor, his dryness, his tendency to make fun of himself and above all his love for the sudden climax which Mr. James Weldon Johnson mentions in the preface to his anthology. This seems to me a perfect example:

She writ me a letter
As long as my eye.
An' she say in dat letter:
"My Honey!—Good-bye!"

Professor Talley seems to have done for the Negro Folk Song what Mr. Johnson has done for poems by Negro authors, and like Mr. Johnson's preface not the least valuable part of Professor Talley's service lies in the "Study of Negro Folk Rhymes" which is appended to his book. Here he distinguishes between Rhyme Dance Songs and Dance Rhymes; he points out that the composition of these songs really served to keep the slave mentally fit, and most important of all he shows that these effusions often formed a sort of cipher language perfectly intelligible to the slaves but meaningless to their masters. Without doubt we are indebted to Professor Talley for an extraordinarily valuable sociological contribution.

In her explanatory note Miss Johnsen writes: "Selections have been chosen from both white and Negro writers, from opposers and sympathizers of the Negro alike, yet with the aim not so much to maintain exact balance as to give expression to views that reflect representative opinions and conditions of race friction, and that serve best to indicate the way for constructive effort."

This program has been successfully carried out, with the result that the book shows no bias and so should form a valuable compendium for the student or debater. Although very nearly every espect of Negro life with relation to America has been touched upon, latter-day conditions which make the present Negro problem are considerably more emphasized than such remote subjects as slavery or abolition. This seems a wise and sensible procedure. What the true student of the problem will most treasure is the long and thorough bibliography with which Miss Johnsen prefaces her selections. This is a gold mine in itself.

National · Association · for · the · ... Advancement · of · Colored · People.

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

THE Thirteenth Annual Conference of the Association opens on Sunday, June 18, at Newark, N. J., with a great parade and mass meeting at which time addresses will be made by Moorfield Storey, our national president; Governor Edward I. Edwards of New Jersey; Mayor Frederick C. Breidenbach, of Newark; Dr. George E. Cannon, of Jersey City, and others. The conference will continue through Friday evening, June 23, with two business sessions each day, morning and afternoon, and a large mass meeting each evening, at which some of the most eminent citizens of the country will speak. No business sessions will be held on Thursday as that day will be given over to an automobile drive and picnic which is being planned by the Newark Branch as one of the many entertainments for all delegates and members. Every session will be chock-full of interest.

Our conference this year will take on somewhat the nature of a great celebration and at the same time a girding up of our loins for greater effort. Since we met at Detroit last June the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill has passed the lower house of Congress and is now pending in the Senate. We will meet to rejoice over the victory and we also will show to the Senate the strength of the movement which demands early passage of this legislation. It will be of great interest and gratification to know that among the speakers at the conference will be Congressman Dyer and we want to show him how much we appreciate the valiant work that he has done.

The time chosen for the event is especially suitable in that it is during the vacation period. The National Office takes this means of extending to every person, young and old, white and colored, who is interested in the obtaining of justice for colored citizens, a very hearty and cordial invitation to meet with us at Newark and make it the greatest gathering of its kind that has ever been held. We need your advice and counsel and we want you to come and take an active part in the deliberations.

Every branch that can possibly do so, is urged to send one or more delegates. If your branch has not elected its representatives do so at once. All persons who wish stopping places reserved for them are urged to write as soon as possible to Mr. R. W. Stewart, 279 Bank Street, Newark, N. J., and request such reservations. Unless you do this you may reach Newark and find it impossible to secure accommodations as we are expecting a tremendous attendance at the conference.

When you purchase your railroad ticket to Newark be sure to get *from the ticket agent a certificate.* Last year at Detroit our efforts to obtain reduced fares were unsuccessful because so many of the delegates and members, in spite of repeated urging on our part, forgot to obtain certificates. By so doing they not only deprived themselves of the saving of considerable money, but they as well deprived those who had not been careless or forgetful.

Start preparing now! Arrange your vacation trip so that you can be at Newark, June 18th to 23rd! You cannot afford to miss this, the greatest conference of the greatest organization ever created for the achieving of manhood rights for the colored citizens of the United States.

A MEMORIAL TO THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

The killing and burning alive of human beings by mobs in the United States is a reproach upon our country throughout the civilized world and threatens organized government in the nation.

Since 1889 there have been 3,443 known mob murders, 64 of the victims being women. In only a few instances has prosecution of the lynchers been even attempted. American mobs murdered 64 persons in 1921, of whom 4 were publicly burned at the stake.

The House of Representatives on January 26, 1922, in response to insistent country-wide demand, passed the Dyer Anti-Lynch-

ing Bill, which invokes the power of the Federal Government to end the infamy of American mob murder.

This bill is now in the hands of the United States Senate. The undersigned United States citizens earnestly urge its prompt enactment.

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*Signs Memorial with exception of the clause: "and threatens organized government in the nation."

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TWO POEMS

LANGSTON HUGHES

THE SOUTH

THE lazy, laughing South
With blood on its mouth;
The sunny-faced South,
Beast-strong,
Idiot-brained;
The child-minded South
Scratching in the dead fire's ashes
For a Negro's bones.
Cotton and the moon,
Warmth, earth, warmth,
The sky, the sun, the stars,
The magnolia-scented South;
Beautiful, like a woman,
Seductive as a dark-eyed whore,
Passionate, cruel,
Honey-lipped, syphilitic—
That is the South.
And I, who am black, would love her
But she spits in my face;
And I, who am black,
Would give her many rare gifts
But she turns her back upon me;
So now I seek the North—
The cold-faced North,
For she, they say,
Is a kinder mistress,
And in her house my children
May escape the spell of the South.

MY PEOPLE

DREAM-singers,
Story-tellers,
Dancers,
Loud laughers in the hands of Fate—
My People.
Dish-washers,
Elevator-boys,
Ladies' maids,
Crap-shooters,
Cooks,
Waiters,
Jazzers,
Nurses of babies,
Loaders of ships,
Porters,
Hairdressers,
Comedians in vaudeville
And band-men in circuses—
Dream-singers all,
Story-tellers all.
Dancers—
God! What dancers!
Singers—
God! What singers!
Singers and dancers,
Dancers and laughers.
Laughers?
Yes, laughers.....laughers.....laughers—
Loud-mouthed laughers in the hands
Of Fate.

The Horizon

COMPILED BY MADELINE G. ALLISON.

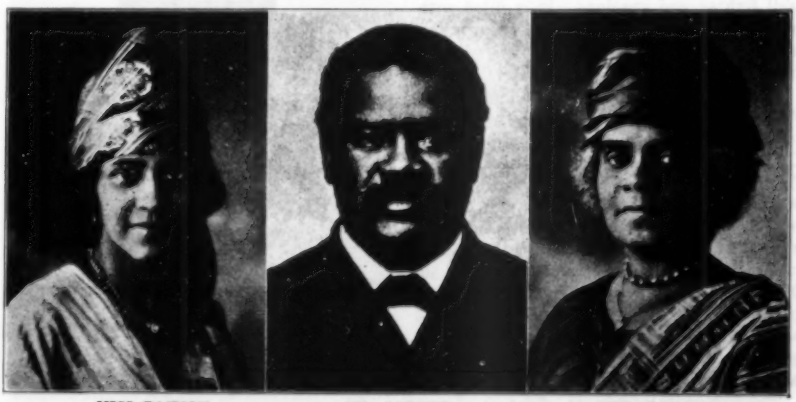
¶ Despite much discussion we know very little about Africa. The death then of J. Tengo Jabavu early in the year has not received much attention in the United States. Mr. Jabavu was born in the Cape Province of South Africa in 1859 and died last September. He belonged to the great Bantu nation and was educated at Lovedale. He was the second South African native to pass the matriculation examination of Cape University and to become a teacher. Afterward he founded the Imvo newspaper which he edited during the rest of his life. When the union of South Africa was founded he went to England hoping to induce Parliament to give the natives representation in the Union Parliament, but in this he was disappointed. While in England he joined the Friends and on his return to Africa was appointed a member of the Provincial Education Committee on native education together with three other natives who were the first in South Africa to be appointed on a government commission. Mr. Jabavu was one of the founders of the South African Native College where his son is now a teacher. He died "where his heart was, at the native college".

¶ We have had with us in America for over a year two splendid specimens of African womanhood, Mrs. Casely Hayford of Sierra Leone and her niece Miss Kathleen Easmon. Both of these ladies were born in West Africa and educated in England and are raising funds for a school for young African women. Their culture and unselfish devotion to their work have won them hosts of friends. Recently they have been interested in pageantry and have taken part in pageants in Boston and New York.

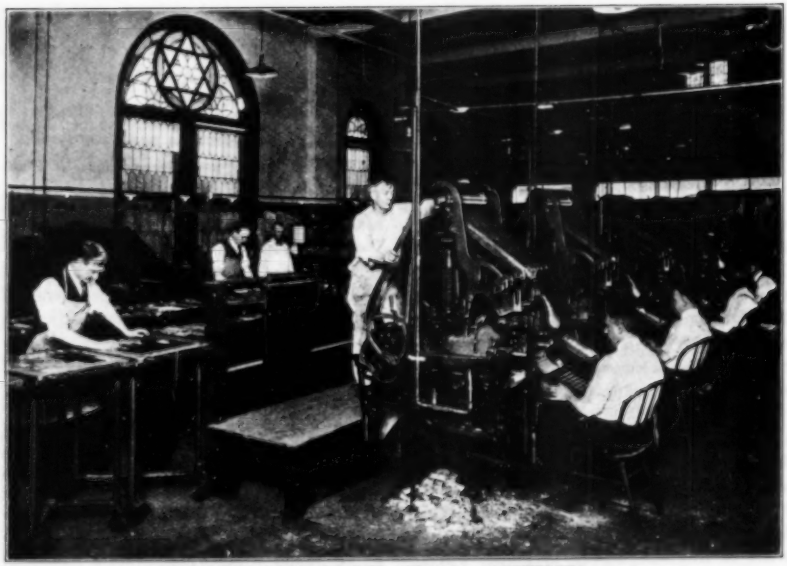
¶ St. James First African Male Beneficial Society is celebrating its 75th anniversary in Baltimore. George B. Murphy is president.

¶ A colored mail clerk, Ernest Thomas, was arrested in Louisiana by local authorities for alleged stealing. Pursuant to immediate protests of the N. A. A. C. P. the two deputy sheriffs and the marshall who arrested him were in turn arrested for obstructing United States mail.

¶ L. W. Thomas of Mexia, Texas, has pur-



MISS EASMON MR. JABAVU MRS. HAYFORD



LINOTYPE ROOM OF THE CHICAGO "DEFENDER"

chased $60,000 worth of property in South Muskogee where he proposes building a colored town.

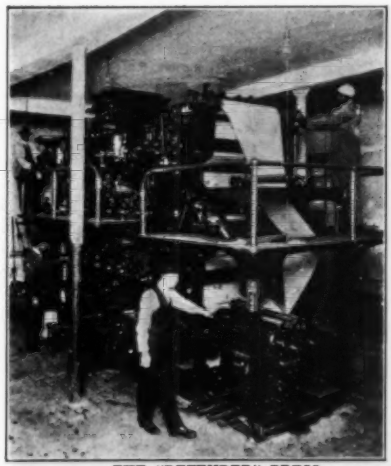
¶ Representatives of seven Greek letter fraternities and sororities met in conference in Washington April 17 to 19.

¶ Everybody has heard of the Chicago *Defender*, but few have seen its home or know its history. The next time you go to Chicago be sure to visit the *Defender* office. It is a striking building on Indiana Avenue, well lighted and spacious. It is filled with modern appliances—linotypes, a great press, a dozen light cozy offices, and thrifty looking business offices.

But this is the shell. Within lies the life. A black boy from Savannah who had learned printing at Hampton started the Chicago *Defender* in 1905. He entered a field of journalism when a hundred or more weeklies catered to the Negroes of a nation but they were having a difficult fight for survival. Several of them had a national circulation, but in no case did it reach 50,000 and in all but one or two cases it was below 25,000. Then too Mr. Abbott was a sort of outsider, acquainted with few Negroes of influence, with limited training and a worker with his hands.

Yet he won. He won by sheer pluck and endurance, by learning as he grew, by knowing his job from A to Z. Today the *Defender* circulates in every state and territory and sells well over 100,000 copies monthly. More than that it is edited and

ROBERT S. ABBOTT



THE "DEFENDER" PRESS

manufactured right in Mr. Abbott's own plant. His editorial staff form a group of alert young men—college men from Harvard and elsewhere, business men and experts. In the great composing room white and black mechanics set the type and cast the plates; in the press room they print the many paged paper with its colored head lines, and mail it to the ends of the earth.

It is a curiously hopeful and inspiring sight.

¶ George Hayes of the Howard High School, Wilmington, Del., won second place for the state in the National Safety Essay Contest.

¶ John F. Mathews received his M. A. degree from Columbia last October for work in education and languages. He was born in West Virginia in 1887, was graduated from Western Reserve in 1910 and has been teaching since at the Florida A. & M. College, Tallahassee.

¶ William J. H. Booker of Oxford, North Carolina was a graduate of Tuskegee and the medical department at Shaw. He practiced for three years at Oxford, North Carolina, and served as first Lieutenant in the World War. He died at the age of 39.

¶ Dr. James G. Sterrs was born in Alabama in 1881. He attended the State Normal school and the Medical School at the University of Michigan. He finally completed the medical course at Shaw and began practice in Atlanta. He had perhaps the largest practice of any colored physician in the city, and died recently of apoplexy leaving a widow and three children and an estate valued at $100,000.

¶ Dr. Frank G. Smith was born at Selma, Alabama, and educated at Fisk University. He was one of the first colored teachers in the schools of Nashville, Tennessee, and for 25 years was principal of the Pearl High School. During this service he studied at summer school at Chicago University and graduated in both medicine and pharmacy at Meharry. Finally he graduated from the Northern Illinois College of Ophthalmology and passed the state board. He began practicing as a specialist on the ear and eye in Chicago, having resigned his principalship of the Pearl High School.

DR. SMITH MR. MATHEWS DR. BOOKER DR. STERRS

THE PIONEER RADIO SOCIETY

¶ The Pioneer Radio Society was organized in New York City last December for furthering the interest of colored electrical and radio amateurs. At present there are 15 members and the enrollment is growing. They have meeting and laboratory rooms on 138th Street. Miles Hardy is President.

¶ There have been several intercollegiate debates among the colored colleges. Fisk won over Knoxville on the question of Compulsory Unemployment Insurance. Atlanta, Lincoln and Union debated together April 14. South Carolina State, North Carolina A. & T. and Virginia Normal debated "Disarmament". Virginia Normal won.

¶ Eight colored boys in Des Moines, Iowa, are known as the "Dashing Eagles", and they are very happy to have received the following letter from the Chief of Police: "It is a pleasure to me to advise you that I have received information to the effect that you were one of the boys who helped run down the two men who robbed the Reliable Rug Co. pay-roll.

"It is another evidence that the police department is always dependent upon outside help to assist them in being successful.

"We are very appreciative of your work and it would be pleasing to me to have you advise the other boys who were with you as I do not know their names.

"Sometime when your father is not busy we will be pleased to have you, your father and the other boys come down and we will show you through the building."

On the testimony of the boys the bandits were indicted before the Grand Jury, but they afterward escaped from jail.

THE "DASHING EAGLES"

¶ In Topeka, Kansas, there has just been held the first music memory contest. The schools of the city for a period of eight weeks learned forty phonograph records. A preliminary contest was held in each building to select a team of five pupils who would contend in a final contest for prizes of $100, the first prize being $50, the second $25, etc. The music club of the city gave additional prizes of $10 to each building in the preliminary contest. The representatives of the colored Monroe school, Elizabeth Wilson, Minnie Martin, Altha Hickman, and Anita Williams won the first prize in the contest with 21 schools. All of them made 100%. They received both the $50 and in addition a gold medal. Both the second and third prizes went to colored schools.

MUSIC MEMORY TEAM OF THE MONROE SCHOOL

¶ James A. Gardiner of West Chester, Pennsylvania, received his B.A. at the Pennsylvania State College January 3, doing the work in three and one-half years and specializing in mathematics.

¶ The 42 chapters of the Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity, which reaches now every leading American College and University, held their annual "Go to High School, Go to College" campaign during the week of May 8 to 14.

¶ The Binga State Bank of Chicago, March 10, had total resources of over a half million dollars. The capital and surplus amounted to $120,000 and the deposits to $380,000.

¶ A colored man, Edward L. Dawkins, has been appointed a customs agent and assigned to the Appraisers' Warehouse in Philadelphia. Mr. Dawkins entered the customs service in Washington in 1893 as a laborer at a salary of $660 a year and has been promoted through the grades of assistant messenger, clerk and accountant. He is now engaged in prevention and detection of frauds.

¶ Negro school children have distinguished themselves. George Hurst of Detroit, 10 years of age and in the 6th grade, won second place as champion speller of the city. By failing to capitalize "Hawaii" he lost first place to a 12 year old, 8th grade, white girl.

MRS. WILLIAMS MRS. BRUCE DR. BROOKS MR. BROWN

¶ At Harrisburg an automobile recently killed a woman of 72, Clara Toop Williams. She was the mother of 7 children all of whom graduated from the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, public schools, 3 of whom became teachers and one a medical doctor and one a business woman. Of the sons one is in the civil service, one manager of the Country Club and one in the 10th Cavalry. Mrs. Williams herself was formerly a member of the faculty of Avery College teaching mathematics and music. She was volunteer organist at prayer meetings and a woman whose influence was felt everywhere for education and uplift.

¶ Mrs. Mayme R. Bruce was born in 1863 in Maryland and educated in the public schools of Baltimore and Washington. She became a public school teacher. She was one of the organizers and secretary of the well known Empty Stocking Circle which purchased a farm in the country for houses and gave recreation to the poor children of Baltimore. She was also connected with other improvement associations and neighborhood clubs and for thirty years was principal of the Catonsville public school. She died in September, 1921.

¶ One of the best known undertakers in New York was W. David Brown who was born in Delaware in 1862. After common school training his mother apprenticed him in undertaking but he did not like it and left it for hotel and concert business. Eventually he came to New York in 1883 and at first earned a living by singing in the leading choirs. Finally he reëntered the undertaking business and became the leading colored undertaker in New York City. For 33 years he was permanent secretary of one of the richest lodges of Odd Fellows in the city and for 12 years was Grand Master of the state. He was also a 32 degree Mason. He and his wife lived together 30 years and when she died in 1921 he followed within seven months.

¶ The colored ministry comes in for so much criticism on all sides that it is pleasant to be able here and there to bestow unstinted praise. Dr. Walter H. Brooks is "70 years young". He was born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1851 as a slave. When freed by the war he entered Lincoln University where he finished the college and theological departments. He then served as post-office clerk and missionary until he entered the Baptist ministry in 1876. Since 1882 he has been pastor of the 19th Street Baptist Church and in the 40 years of that service has become one of the best known clergymen in the United States. He is a man of learning, of strong, fine personality and wide influence for good. He is the father of six children.

¶ The Episcopal Church has appropriated $102,000 for five buildings and other equipment for the Okolona Industrial School in Mississippi. Mr. Wallace A. Battle is president.

¶ The general conference of the C.M.E. Church was held in St. Louis in May. The Rt. Rev. Robert S. Williams, senior bishop, presided.

¶ Dr. D. Jonathan Phillips of Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., has been made a Justice of the Peace for the Parish of Kingston.

¶ Another minister whose life reads like a romance is the Rev. Charles A. Tindley of Philadelphia. He was born in Maryland during the war and for years was a farmer, bricklayer and plasterer. He finally studied for the ministry in the Divinity School of Philadelphia and afterward preached in Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey. He came to the East Calvary M. E. Church of Philadelphia where he pastors one of the largest, if not the largest church in America, with between 5000 and 6000 members. His church which is an imposing structure on Broad Street has been turned into a great social settlement where relief of all sorts is ministered and where buildings and equipment to cost $300,000 will eventually be added. Handicrafts are being taught to men and women, positions secured and meals furnished. There are moving pictures and concerts, a gymnasium and club rooms and a large staff of paid and volunteer workers.

¶ At the corner of 35th Street and Grand Boulevard, Chicago, the visitor will notice that a large amount of the space of this new business block is occupied by the Liberty Life Insurance Company. This is an old line legal reserve life insurance company incorporated June 30, 1919, under the laws of Illinois and owned and officered entirely by Negroes. It has $100,000 deposited with the state and there are over a thousand stockholders. The statement of December 31, 1921, shows admitted assets

DR. TINDLEY

of $113,284, and liabilities of $4,483. The officers are Frank L. Gillespie, President; Oscar De Priest, Treasurer; W. E. Stewart, Secretary. The company has written over $759,000 worth of insurance.

¶ An effort is being made in Boston to provide a scholarship in an American college for a young woman of Japanese, East Indian or Negro blood each year. Three lectures have been delivered on the culture of these three peoples for the purpose of raising funds.

¶ Few people realize the strain through which colored physicians are going. We continually have to record the death of many promising men from sheer over-work. James Monroe May, who died recently in Jackson, Mississippi, at the age of 54, was one of the best known public men in the South. He was a school teacher and then worked his way through college and graduated from Meharry in 1892. He practiced in various places in Mississippi and in 1910 opened the May Drug Company in Natchez. After six or seven years of strenuous practice his health gave way and he died after a lingering illness leaving a widow and five children. He always gave freely to charity and leaves a host of students who will remember him with gratitude.

DR. MAY

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

AMERICA

ALTHOUGH she feeds me bread of bitterness,
And sinks into my throat her tiger's tooth,
Stealing my breath of life, I will confess
I love this cultured hell that tests my youth!
Her vigor flows like tides into my blood,
Giving me strength erect against her hate.
Her bigness sweeps my being like a flood.
Yet as a rebel fronts a king in state,
I stand within her walls with not a shred
Of terror, malice, not a word of jeer.
Darkly I gaze into the days ahead,
And see her might and granite wonders there,
Beneath the touch of Time's unerring hand,
Like priceless treasures sinking in the sand.

CLAUDE MCKAY.

* * *

Dr. Carl Kelsey, Professor of Sociology at the University of Pennsylvania and Research Fellow of the American Academy of Political and Social Science for 1921, spent the past year in Haiti and Santo Domingo. In his pamphlet "The American Intervention in Haiti and the Dominican Republic" he concludes:

Insofar as I can see there are but three general policies which might be adopted by the United States with reference to Haiti and the Dominican Republic:

(1) Withdraw and refuse to accept any responsibility for what happens in either country; refuse to intervene again and refuse also to let any other country intervene.

(2) Withdraw and refuse to intervene again, but let other countries do as they please in regard to the collection of debts or the establishment of naval bases.

(3) Continue the intervention, promising to withdraw as soon as conditions make possible the restoration of autonomy.

* * *

Frederick Starr of Chicago University writes of Colonel Young:

I have lost a valued friend. In my large list of acquaintances there are not twelve men for whom I had a deeper affection and a higher respect. He will be missed by many—as a friend, a husband, a father, a son, a soldier, an adviser, a man of vision and ideals. Liberia has lost a wise counsellor; the United States has lost a brave soldier and a faithful officer; his race has lost a trusted leader.

NOTES ON LYNCHING

THE New York *American* favors an anti-lynching bill:

There is a resolution before the Massachusetts Legislature to memorialize Congress in favor of the passage of the so-called Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill, which gives the Federal Government jurisdiction in certain parts of the country over situations in which the danger of lynching is involved.

The humanity and justice of granting protection to our Negro citizens and, in fact, assuring Constitutional protection of the due process of law to all our citizens is too plain to need discussion.

The colored population of the world is beginning to come into its own. We heard the other day of the Negro regiment from Jamaica which refused at the order of the British to sail for India, there to help the English hold down in their misery and oppression the people of India.

We are making enemies for ourselves beyond our borders, and enemies which may become important enemies, by our practice of lynching. Perhaps more important than all, we are losing the respect of the thoughtful, just and discriminating people of the world by this practice of lawlessness and brutality.

* * *

The Duluth (Minn.) *Rip-Saw* reprints what the Canadian paper "Jack Canuck" thinks of our little American ways:

Canadians, colored and white, are now beginning to realize just what the much boasted liberty of the United States amounts to. The Matthew Bullock case has brought facts to light which many Canadians had never before realized. Before the Civil war the Southern states made slaves of the colored people; now they lynch them at will, and the United States government allows the Southerners to get away with it.

It is not so very long since the self-same United States made a terrible outcry against the extradition of an Irish rebel who had defied the immigration laws and entered the U. S. as a stowaway. It was made the excuse for some bitter attacks against England by a certain element of the American press. We wonder what the said American press will have to say at Canada's reluctance to give up a colored citizen of the U. S. who has fled to this country to escape an untimely end at the hands of American rowdies who would lynch him. In the slavery days, members of the colored race would, on occasion, escape to Canada to flee from

bondage at the hands of American "gentlemen". Members of this same race are now having to flee to Canada to avoid being murdered at the hands of the descendants of the same class of "gentlemen"

* * *

After enumerating the thousands of lynchings which have taken place in the Southern States since 1885, *Jack Canuck* concludes:

And amid all these lynchings in the Southern States not one lyncher was brought to justice!

Why not give Turkey a mandate to civilize the Southern States of the U. S. A.? There are millions of church members in the Southern States and they subscribe millions of dollars to convert the heathen of foreign lands. Would it not be a good idea if they devoted part of this vast sum to the teaching of Christianity and humanity among themselves?

* * *

Walter F. White writes in the New York *Evening Post* of one of the 36 lynchings and the 8 race riots which he has personally investigated:

On the morning of my arrival in town I casually dropped into the store of one of these general merchants who, I had been informed, was one of the leaders of the mob. At the time the store was free of customers. After making some small purchase I engaged him in conversation, gradually winning his confidence by telling him how much I admired the manly spirit of the men of that town for teaching those niggers a lesson. Mentioning the newspaper accounts of the lynching I had read and confessing, somewhat shamefacedly, that I had never been lucky enough to be in a lynching, I led the way up to the recent affair in his own town. He opened up almost immediately, offered me a box to sit on, and a bottle of soft drink, and then gave me a painstakingly minute account of the trouble from beginning to end.

To my inquiries how the colored woman had met her death, he slapped his thigh and declared it "the best show I ever did see, Mister—you oughter seen that nigger wench fight and heard her howl when we strung her up". When I expressed a desire to meet personally and congratulate some of the other brave and fearless men who had conquered this fiercely fighting woman, he offered to have them come to the store that afternoon, or, if I didn't want that done, he would tell me who they were.

WITHOUT HONOR

THE peculiar significance of Claude McKay's article on Marcus Garvey in the *Liberator* is that it represents the estimate of one compatriot of another. For both are Jamaicans. Mr. McKay likens the Garvey movement to a similar social phenomenon which he had already experienced:

To those who know Jamaica, the homeland of Marcus Garvey, Garveyism inevitably suggests the name of Bedwardism, . . . a religious sect . . . founded by an illiterate black giant named Bedward about 25 years ago, who claimed medicinal and healing properties for a sandy little hole beside a quiet river that flowed calmly to the sea through the eastern part of Jamaica . . . The most recent news of the prophet was his arrest by the government for causing hundreds of his followers to sell all their possessions and come together at his home in August Town to witness his annunciation; for on a certain day at noon, he had said, he would ascend into heaven upon a crescent moon. The devout sold and gave away all their property and flocked to August Town, and the hour of the certain day came and passed with Bedward waiting in his robes, and days followed and weeks after. Then his flock of sheep, now turned into a hungry, destitute, despairing mob, howled like hyenas and fought each other until the Government interfered.

It may be that the notorious career of Bedward, the prophet, worked unconsciously upon Marcus Garvey's mind and made him work out his plans along similar spectacular lines. But between the mentality of both men there is no comparison. While Bedward was a huge inflated bag of bombast loaded with ignorance and superstition, Garvey's is beyond doubt a very energetic and quick-witted mind, barb-wired by the imperial traditions of nineteenth-century England. His spirit is revolutionary, but his intellect does not understand the significance of modern revolutionary developments. Maybe he chose not to understand, he may have realized that a resolute facing of facts made puerile his beautiful schemes for the redemption of the continent of Africa.

* * *

Considering Garvey's early background, Mr. McKay finds his disregard of the economic problem inexplicable:

The most puzzling thing about the "Back to Africa" propaganda is the leader's repudiation of all the fundamentals of the black worker's economic struggle. No intelligent Negro dare deny the almost miraculous effect and the world-wide breadth and sweep of Garvey's propaganda methods. But all those who think broadly on social conditions are amazed at Garvey's ignorance and his intolerance of modern social ideas. To him Queen Victoria and Lincoln are the greatest figures in history because they both freed the slaves, and the Negro race will never reach the heights of greatness until it has produced such types. He talks of Africa as if it were a little island in the Caribbean Sea. Ignoring all geographical and politi-

cal divisions, he gives his followers the idea that that vast continent of diverse tribes consists of a large homogenous nation of natives struggling for freedom and waiting for the Western Negroes to come and help them drive out the European exploiters. He has never urged Negroes to organize in industrial unions.

He only exhorted them to get money, buy shares in his African steamship line, and join his Universal Association. And thousands of American and West Indian Negroes responded with eagerness.

He denounced the Socialists and Bolshevists for plotting to demoralize the Negro workers and bring them under the control of white labor. And in the same breath he attacked the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and its founder, Dr. DuBois, for including white leaders and members. In the face of his very capable mulatto and octoroon colleagues, he advocated an all-sable nation of Negroes to be governed strictly after the English plan with Marcus Garvey as supreme head.

He organized a Negro Legion and a Negro Red Cross in the heart of Harlem. The Black Star line consisted of two unseaworthy boats and the Negro Factories Corporation was mainly existent on paper. But it seems that Garvey's sole satisfaction in his business venture was the presenting of grandiose visions to his crowd.

* * *

Perhaps after all Garvey was more interested in histrionics than in social progress. Mr. McKay seems to indicate this:

Garvey's arrest by the Federal authorities after five years of stupendous vaudeville is a fitting climax. He should feel now an ultimate satisfaction in the fact that he was a universal advertising manager. He was the biggest popularizer of the Negro problem, especially among Negroes, since "Uncle Tom's Cabin". He attained the sublime. During the last days he waxed more falsely eloquent in his tall talks on the Negro Conquest of Africa, and when the clansmen yelled their approval and clamored for more, in his gorgeous robes, he lifted his hands to the low ceiling in a weird pose, his huge ugly bulk cowing the crowd, and told how the mysteries of African magic had been revealed to him, and how he would use them to put the white man to confusion and drive him out of Africa.

THE AFFAIRS OF INDIA

MR. SYUD HOSSAIN, Indian delegate to the Near East Peace Conference of 1920, has set forth in the New York *Times* India's uncompromising attitude toward Great Britain:

One thing is perfectly certain: India, with a population comprising one-fifth of the human race, cannot eternally remain the "adjunct"—in Wells' phrase—of a little island 7,000 miles away from her shores. Neither any natural nor any economic ties bind her to the British Empire, and she can only form part of that system if it can be proved that such an arrangement would be of definite advantage to her. The onus of proof lies on Britain. On the other hand, there is every reason in the world why India should work out her own destiny, unfettered and uncoerced, and make her own contribution, as in the past, to the culture and civilization of the world. Not only India, but the world is the poorer for her present compulsory emasculation and disorganization. The British have fixed a stranglehold on her creative genius and national growth. India must be free. . . .

Mahatma Gandhi launched his "non-violent, non-co-operation" movement to secure three definite things, viz.: (1) the righting of the Punjab wrongs; (2) the fulfillment of the British pledges to Moslems, and (3) the attainment of Swaraj (self-rule).

It is upon this triple foundation that the national movement today rests; Gandhi's program having been accepted by the Indian National Congress and endorsed by the nation at large. Each one of the three items mentioned above is, from the viewpoint of India, fundamental, admitting of no compromise. That is a fact which, it would seem, has at last begun to dawn even upon the British Government, if one may judge from the circumstances attending the recent resignation of Edwin Samuel Montagu, the Secretary of State for India.

* * *

England has tried vainly to divert the attention of the Hindus. Mr. Hossain declares:

Reading between the lines of the dispatch of the Government of India, for publishing which Mr. Montagu was "sacked", it becomes abundantly clear that the British Government's attempts to whittle down the Indian demands or, alternatively, to break down the Hindu-Moslem solidarity which sustains them, have failed. Overwhelming corroborative testimony on this point is also forthcoming from the successive and signal failures of the visits of the Duke of Connaught and the Prince of Wales. These royal visitors were sent to India, one after the other, in a frantic but vain effort to create a diversion and thus secure a compromise.

The Duke returned to England with the doleful tale that "the shadow of Amritsar has lengthened over the fair face of India". The visit of the Prince, just concluded, has proved even a more dismal failure. There is not the slightest doubt that the Prince was sent to India to be an instrument of

reconciliation, a mouthpiece for "concessions". What India was looing for, however, were deeds not words; for "specific performances" and not more promises. Deeds apparently were not forthcoming, The Prince was boycotted even more vigorously than the Duke. In the event his Royal Highness has left India without even making one of those conventional, picturesque pronouncements belauding a fictitious "loyalty" that British imperialism loves to put in the mouth of its royalty.

* * *

An American, Ralph E. Henderson, contrasts in the Boston *Herald* the bustle of an Indian town a week before the arrival of the Prince of Wales with the apathy which the boycott produced:

I was in Calcutta a week before the Prince of Wales was due to land. At that time our taxi was caught in a traffic jam on one of the main thoroughfares and held for 15 minutes while the packed stream of carts, bullock-drawn, horse-drawn, buffalo-drawn or mandrawn, strained through the crowded street.

When the prince landed at Calcutta, the streets were deserted as those of a New England town on an old Puritan Sabbath. Calcutta shops did no business. Mahatma Gandhi had so commanded.

* * *

India has suffered a great loss in the death of the Pundita Ramabai. The Boston paper writes:

Thousands of Bostonians who in years past have heard the Pundita Ramabai in city pulpits or on city platforms will be shocked to know that the remarkable career of this consecrated woman has just ended in death. Her mission among us was first that of pleading the cause of the child widows of India; later it broadened out into a movement for educational uplift, and with such success that, as chief figure of the famous Ramabai Association, she was enabled to organize and carry on the Sharada Sadana, or "Happy Home," at which annually from 1500 to 1700 girls and young women receive their training. Night and day, abroad as well as at home, the Pundita toiled in the interest of her fellow-countrywomen. Not the least of her services in their behalf was a translation of the Christian scriptures into one of the native dialects; one of the most spectacular of them was her rescue of 300 girls from starvation during the great Indian famine.

TRIBUTE

THE unveiling of the Booker T. Washington monument at Tuskegee brought together a throng of educators and philanthropists from all over the country. The

AT TUSKEGEE

New York *Times* quotes one of the speakers, Josephus Daniels, former Secretary of the Navy:

"Because Booker T. Washington sought to advance his own race and to preserve friendship with the white neighbors, it is altogether fitting that men of both races, from the North and from the South, should join in the unprecedented event.

"I am not here to discuss so-called race problems. My experience has told me that you cannot solve problems of people like you do an arithmetic lesson. One reason we have made less progress is because men insist upon a solution of racial differences by the rule of three and demand that the destinies of men be unfolded in their generation. I have no patent solvent for the so-called race problem. I do know that between white people and black people in the South there are stronger ties of friendship today than formerly and that out of this will grow a better understanding and better conditions."

* * *

In Boston a number of white and colored people met at the Twentieth Century Club to pay honor to the late Maria L. Baldwin. They moved to establish a room dedicated to her "for the collection and preservation of material relating to the history of the Negro, and those who have stood for justice for the Negro."

* * *

According to the Boston *Herald,* Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard was present and said:

"I have known many colored students at

Harvard who have seemed to me to have been imbued with an almost apostolic spirit. But the life of Maria Baldwin was unique. I know of no other case where a woman from an obscure beginning rose to the head of the best grammar school in the city system, serving the children of all races. Her school was regarded by many of the leading white citizens whose children attended it as the best in the city. And she kept the respect of the school committee through all the years of her service. All that has been said of her poise and charm is true. I recall but two women in all my acquaintance who surpassed her in this."

* * *

Mrs. Margaret Deland, whose war experiences have taught her to see the Negro from a different angle, declared:

"The fortunes of both races are inextricably bound up, the hope of one race is the hope of the other. This proposed memorial room has many values. It will have the value of furnishing historical data concentrated under one roof. But its greatest value will be as a source of stimulation to the colored citizens of Boston.

"A museum is a source of progress, for we do not allow the collection of specimens of the past until we have achieved in the present. As a record of the long struggle of the Negro race to overcome the handicaps imposed upon it, this collection of historical data will be a constant inspiration to young Negro boys and girls."

AT A GLANCE

SOMETHING has happened to the so-called "colored people" of the United States of which their white neighbors do not seem generally to be aware.

In this instance we refer particularly to the Negro people. There are other "colored" people—the Japanese, Chinese, Hindus and others. But it is the Negroes of whom we are speaking now—our own American Negroes.

And what has happened to them is that there are those among them who have acquired a degree of culture equal to that of any race on earth. There is today among the Negroes of America a large class that has placed itself beyond the sneers of Negro-baiters and Negro-haters. For that class the "color line" has faded away forever. The people of that class can and do look serenely down on whoever sets himself up as a mental or moral superior.

For, that's what happens to men and women who achieve a high state of mental and moral culture—they are beyond the power of ignorance to do them harm. You can spit upon their bodies. You can sneer at them and call them "niggers," but you can't spit upon their souls. They can laugh at you in sheerest pity—and they do.

This class of cultured Negroes now numbering thousands of men and women of the race in America is the product of their own universities and of white universities, notably Yale and Harvard. And especially Harvard, which to its everlasting glory be it said has never drawn the color line.

The voice of this cultured Negro class speaks eloquently from a page of Burghardt DuBois's marvelous book, "The Souls of Black Folk," where he says:

"I sit with Shakespeare and he winces not. Across the color line I move arm in arm with Balzac and Dumas, where smiling men and welcoming women glide in gilded halls. From out the caves of evening that swing between the strong-limbed earth and the tracery of the stars I summon Aristotle and Aurelius and what soul I will, and they come all graciously with no scorn nor condescension."

In that high world the Negro is safe. No sneer can hurt him there; no jibe can break his heart.

—*The Keokuk*, Ia. City.

* * *

PESSIMISTS on the Afro-American question may well consider the pure-blooded Negro girl, Sarah Rector, of Kansas City, aged 20, who proves to a white court that she is managing astutely her fortune of $750,000, and needs no guardian. Possibly the exception only proves the rule.

—Brooklyn *Eagle*.

THE LOSS OF ASHLEE COTTAGE

EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

THE news of the burning of that stanch old colonial building that for years had been my home, came as a blow to me, so far away. From its windows, since earliest childhood, I had looked out upon the seasons and the birds; the orchard, fleeced with white plum blooms; the orchard roofed with the blossoms of the peach; the orchard, ceiled and hushed with snows.

By my window on the south side of the cottage a poplar tree towered, and bore its summit to the third story. And in this poplar gathered the birds—birds to mate; birds to build; birds to pour out such rhapsodies as filled the heart. Aye, even the oriole, he swung there!

And my window looked out upon all of this! I watched here the pageant of the

seasons; gazed down upon turquoise-blue eggs; saw the eggs' fledglings that wavered away to come no more to the bowl-shaped nest. Ah, dreams! We learned Locksley Hall in this very room, my sister Consuelo and I. Tennyson's haunting painting of a home that held memories infinite makes me long for just that skill to paint another seat of recollections in Ashlee Place, wherein we passed our quiet lives with books and the study of prints from the brushes of masters.

ASHLEE COTTAGE

My father, Bishop B. F. Lee, of Wilberforce, O., writes thus to us—to me and Rev. H. N. Newsome, his son-in-law. He paints from his heart what the loss of our home meant to him when the winds and the fire claimed it on the thirty-first day of December, 1921:

"I have learned more of the possible force of kindness in the great fire lesson, more of the hurried work and power of destructiveness against the slowness of constructiveness. Twenty-three years were required in building up a great homestead; but sixty minutes to destroy it, reducing wood to ashes; iron to crimped, pitiless, apologetic and cringing nothing, in the main.

"Every line and point designating place, home, security, rest, comfort and the secrets of love and confidence are lost to sight. And books, books!—a few in comparison, with many companions missing, or marred and scorched, and in many cases with absent leaves; bedsteads and stoves that were crooking at and kicking, hugging and mocking one another, hopelessly falling into the ash grave, as lost as the loves and hopes, tossed by mad winds in charred leaves.

"Silken and linen clothes, tablecloths, sheets and woolen blankets met in the upper flights of the maddened gusts, and carried hundreds of yards away at the altitude of half a hundred feet. And art patrons of departed loved ones depicted by love's inspired brush, or responding to the camera's unerring judgment, alike went with 'trash' indiscriminately, and Ashlee Place mocks the hopes and visions of years.

"A blessed fact in the whole is found in the benevolent spirit shown by five hundred Wilberforce people amid the ruins and mental daze. The close of the job of reduction came at the close of the day, the close of the year, 1921, and a cold day; and the inhabitants of Ashlee House were left without the home whose faithful shell was now forsaking its lovers to the ashbed, red and glaring, too hot to be attractive, yet bidding them to look back to inquire for the real soul of Home, as turning from the debris of clothing, furniture and general confusion, they found warmth and welcome sleeping quarters in neighboring houses with Christian friends and helpers."

IF YOU SHOULD GO

COUNTEE P. CULLEN

LOVE, leave me like the light,
The gently passing day;
We would not know, but for the night,
When it has slipped away.

So many hopes have fled,
Have left me but the name
Of what they were. When love is dead,
Go thou, beloved, the same.

Go quietly; a dream
When done, should leave no trace
That it has lived, except a gleam
Across the dreamer's face.

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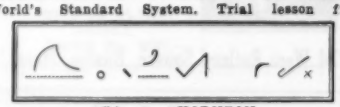

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